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THE
AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

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"RESOLVED, *That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us.*"

Arabula of the New Year.

Time is old—
It ne'er was younger!
The years that fly like waves return!
Time past—to come—to time eternal,
Doth in the immortal present turn.

In this present,
We, the immortals,
Seeing sunset shadows fall,
To the grey years slowly dying,
Hear weird voices chanting call.

As the cloud-land
Glows transfigured,
When the lost sun dyes the west,
We behold celestial gateways
By swift feet of spirits pressed.

Truth is old—
It ne'er was younger!
Thoughts that pass like waves return;
In this present falls the sunlight
With which distant ages burn.

Arabula! may it ever
Light thee toward the portal fair;
Past earth's western gateways golden,
Up the gleaming starry stair,
Till thy spirit lives forever, welcome there! §

[For the American Spiritualist.]

Crispus, the Son of the Great Constantine.

[The historical details of this story rest on the authority of Zosimus, Ammianus, Codinus, Suidas, Eusebius, and early church writers, the latter by many a gloss and fiction vainly attempting to varnish the tale of unparalleled crime. By essaying to make a saint out of the Dacian savage, they depart widely from historical truth] †

It is sixteen hundred and forty-three years since the incidents we are to relate occurred. The proud empire then stretching from the Atlantic indefinitely beyond the Euphrates, and from the burning deserts of Ethiopia, northward, until lost in the fastnesses of Scythian steppes and forests, has ceased to exist. The splendid achievements of art, the lofty column, the colossal temple, the haughty rampart of Cyclopean blocks, have crumbled beneath the beating wing of centuries, and only moss-grown ruins remain.

The very races of men, like tidal waves of the sea, have vanished, and others have taken their places. The effeminate nations of the Empire have been crushed beneath an avalanche of northern savages, whom they despised as little better than brutes. The hairy German who then drank his despicable beer in the impenetrable forests of the North, has since compelled the degenerate children of patricians to give him as tribute the [illegible] of the Italian vineyards.

Amid all this change, there is the never changing development of great deeds, whether of nobleness or wickedness, which exert their influence on mankind, even after the nations to whom they belong have perished. They never die.

We pass across these sixteen centuries, and pause at Pola, a military fortress, frowning down over the blue Adriatic Sea. It is an impregnable work of military art. Huge blocks of stone are joined together with strongest cement and iron bolts leaded into place, fasten the immoveable joints. The battering ram would rebound harmless from their side, and no scaling ladder could reach from the deep moat to the top of its lofty walls. There are no embrasures for cannon, as yet unknown, but from the top of the wall the head of balistæ and catapultæ appear, engines for casting huge stones on the besiegers. A wide moat filled with water surrounds the walls, to be passed only by a narrow bridge. The entrance gateway is narrow, and guarded on either side by towers and serried ranks of soldiers. The gate is of iron and drawn up for admittance. We will enter the fortress and pass the lines of soldiers. Rough savages are they, hairy Gauls of gigantic stature, who delight in the work of death; dark Iberians, who know no occupation but war; athletic Thracians and others; almost as many nationalities are represented as there are individuals. They are men whom a despot can trust, who know no will but their commander's, no duty but obedience.

We pass these soldiers, our footsteps resounding on the pavement of stone, and enter a series of long galleries, seemingly hollowed out of the solid rock. We go down a long flight of stone steps, and along another gallery. We must here observe the passage by the torch of our attendant. It is cold; it is damp. The sun never penetrated these recesses. The mould of a century encrusts the walls. It is a grave. It is a living grave. A deep mine dug out by the art of man, to serve the purposes of his diabolic hate, lust and ambition.

Hark! a voice out of the earth! Ah, in this deep there is a lower deep. This is not grave enough. A man buried here might be found. He might gnaw through these blocks of stone, or wrench them from their place and escape. He might at least by a chance reflection catch a glimpse of light, or get a little comfort from the distant murmur of human life.

Tread gently; there is a trap door here. There is a huge staple, ring and chain. Cast off the chain; three or four strong men can lift the stone slab which forms this door. There is revealed a round hole, just large enough for a man to enter. Some feet below a stone floor, thick walls circling around, with a crevice here and there at the top for air to enter, if it chose to enter such a place.

What is revealed? A jug! A great jug formed of stone cemented at the joints, cemented at the bottom, cemented at the top. There is another huge ring in the floor of the jug. A great chain extends from it to the leg of a wild animal. No! lower your torch; look sharp and wait until your eyes get accustomed to the glare of light, and shadows of darkness. Have a care, or you will faint if you breathe the foul and pestilent air which steams up from the pit.

No! it is not an animal; it is a man!

A man? A man? Impossible! A man in this pit, down in the third story under ground, with a hundred feet of solid stone over his head? Aye, a man, a half naked man, with that chain fastened to an ankle so tight, the flesh festers beneath it, and the foot is black and swollen! A man who, when he stands up, crouches to avoid dashing his head against the roof; who, when he lies down, lies on the wet and slimy stone floor; who, when thirsty and hungry, is allowed just water and food enough to make him more hungry and thirsty.

In the name of Jupiter great and good, of what crime is this wretch guilty? What terrible deed has he committed against gods and men, that he should be consigned to a punishment while yet living, more dreadful than any the poets picture in the dark region beneath Tartarus?

Listen, and I will tell you. Be patient, for it is a story of unparalleled atrocity. That man, chained in the slime of this pit, is, or was, Crispus, and his crime the promise of a noble life.

Who was Crispus?

Crispus was the eldest son of the Great Constantine, who from gratitude is canonized by the Christian Church, and justly, as having more than any other ruler contributed to the extension of Christianity. He was the presumptive heir to the throne of the Empire, and his education was intrusted to the most eloquent Christian teacher, Licinius. At the early age of seventeen he was invested with the title of Cæsar, and the government of the Gallic provinces.

The invasion of Germanic hordes called his military skill in requisition, and trained him in the arduous school of war. His father seems to have appreciated his virtues and tested valor, for in the last great civil war with Lucinius, wherein he contended for the Empire of the East, Constantine divided his power with his son.

During the siege of Byzantium, which closed the memorable struggle, and placed the Great Constantine on the undivided throne, the fortifications of the city had been strengthened, and no hope could be entertained of its capture, until the fleet of Lucinius was driven from the Hellespont. The fleet of Constantine was every way inferior to that of his rivals, but he, trusting to his destiny gave the command to Crispus with orders to force the passage of the sea. The son obeyed the orders, and for two days the shores of Europe and Asia looked down on the narrow sea covered with vessels of war, contesting the supremacy of the Roman world. The fleet of Crispus, though inferior in number, maintained its ground the first day, and the loss on either side was equal. On the second day at noon a strong south wind sprung up in his favor, and dashed his ships against the enemy. Such was his consummate skill and bravery, in seizing the advantage thus offered, and in managing his squadron, that one hundred and thirty vessels were destroyed, five thousand men were slain, and the fleet which filled the Hellespont annihilated. Constantine was thus enabled to carry on the siege to a successful issue. His rival, Licinius, after a series of defeats was reduced to sue for terms of peace, through his wife, who was the sister of Constantine. The victor made solemn oath, that if Licinius would resign the purple, he might live in peace and affluence enjoying the sweets of domestic life. The beautiful Constantia obtained by means of her tears and supplications this pardon from her brother, not because she touched his sympathies, for he seems never to have had any, but because he thought it expedient. Licinius laid the purple at the feet of his conqueror, and was raised from the ground with insulting pity, and admitted to the imperial banquet. Thus the stringent pledge of forgiveness and friendship was given him, one which a wild Bedouin of the desert will not break. He became a member of the imperial family in fact as well as in name.

The Great Constantine did not pause for the most solemn oaths. He had only appeared merciful to serve his designs. Lucinius was sent to Thesalonica, where emissaries followed to achieve his assassination. A grateful people united the names of Constantine and Crispus in their songs of victory. They had felt the

stern hand of the father; they had much to hope from the engaging manners of the son, and perhaps were too enthusiastic in his praise.

It would be supposed that the Great Constantine, after the miraculous interposition of the Cross in his favor, and enlisting as the world's champion of the meek and lowly Nazarene, would have been above the ignoble feelings of jealousy. It was early in his career of empire, while marching against Maxentius, that the Deity, who had chosen him for an instrument whereby to disseminate Christianity, condescended to work a miracle in the heavens. Above the meridian sun a luminous cross, inscribed with these words, *In Hoc Signe Vinces*—"By this conquer"—appeared to his whole army. That night Christ himself appeared to him alone, with the same emblem and told him to inscribe it on his banners. The Great Constantine was converted, and thenceforth became ardent in his attempts to proselyte the Pagan world.

His conversion did not raise him above the meaner feelings that actuate unconverted humanity. He became jealous of the brilliant achievments of his son.

He sought means to remove him, with the appearance of legality, and to preserve the sympathy of the people with himself. While he had medals struck bearing the customary vows for the young Cæsar, he by every allurement of wealth and honors, and assurances of lofty consideration, invited informers; and concluded the public expression of his wishes with a prayer, invoking the continued blessings of the Supreme Being. With deep design he proposed to make the approaching celebration of the twentieth year of his reign the time for executing his wicked scheme. He removed his Court from Nicomedia to Rome. The Queen city had exerted every effort of her declining strength to make his reception as magnificent as the triumphs of her ancient heroes. On all the pageantry the great Constantine gazed with approving smiles, concealing in his heart the most villainous plan of crime and murder.

Crispus attended his father in the gay procession. The people smiled favorably on the young Cæsar soon to become their monarch, admiring the majesty of his bearing, the suavity of his address, and presaging a happy reign when he came to the throne. Their approbation inflamed the jealousy of his father beyond measure. He no sooner established himself in his palace than he had his son apprehended and brought before him. He called on the informers, who repeated their artful falsehoods, and then assuming the office of judge, he banished that son to the distant fortress of Pola, on the Adriatic.

There is a tramping of feet along the gallery; a gleam of polished cuirass, and flash of plume from a brazen helmet. The commander of the fortress approaches the aperture.

"Crispus," he calls into the mouth of the pit.

"Aye, Crispus, or what once was Crispus, but dead in his grave now. Who calls?"

"Clodius, the commander of this fortress of Pola."

"Clodius, am I in Pola, and is Pola commanded by an officer known to me in better days?"

"It is so, Crispus, my dearly beloved Cæsar."

"Hush! speak not thus. There is treason in that name."

"Cæsar you are to me, and ever will be. But," he hesitated, "my orders are strict, I am closely watched, and were it known that I was intimate with you even in other days, my life would be forfeit; but I, after long consideration, firmly resolved to see you, and speak with you, even if I could do you no favor. I was forced to this by orders received to-day from the Imperial Court."

Oh, Clodius, do you bring good news? Does my father repent and pardon? Has he ceased to believe the evil informers? Has he harkened to the pleadings of my friends? He has, he has! I shall go forth free; I shall again clasp my beloved Helena. Even if the weight of the purple is taken from me, the better will I be content; I will take my wife, and willingly abide with the shepherds of Sarmatia, and trouble my angry father no more.

"Not so," answered Clodius, as down his war-scarred visage the tears flowed fast. "Not so, O! Cæsar. The officer who bore the dispatch is your secret friend. He says your father's heart, if he have one, is of stone. He regards you with the vindictive hate of a wild beast. He will not rest content without your death.

"My death?"

"Your death! Is life here so preferable to death? One would think you had lost all true magnanimity of soul, and the ancient valor of Rome. A true Roman would stop his breath before entering such a place as this."

"No, no! Life is not so dear; but I have just tasted its sweets; my courage is not ripe. I would clasp my friends' hands and my young wife again. But the Fate's decree is irrevocable."

"If your father's hate stopped with you, it would be well; but it does not. It involves nearly all your friends, and even Cæsar Lucinius has not escaped the common ruin."

"Lucinius? You strike me dumb! My father sent the secret assassin to work his father's death? Lucinius, whom I defeated, but raised the son to my own rank in the empire? Now he aims his shaft at the son. Where was his mother, the noble Constantia? Would not my father listen to the voice of her grief?"

"She plead long and desperately. She sought by every argument to turn aside the vindictiveness of your father, and save her son, the last of a noble race. Every effort was in vain. The assassin did his work, and Constantia, stricken with her great grief, it is said cannot survive."

"And my friends?"

"A few escaped into exile. Some to the North, others into Africa, but others by the surprise of the whole movement have felt the instruments of torture or execution."

"Why was I not slain by the friendly hand of the barbarian, or why did I not perish in the hour of victory on the Hellespont? Wretched life, to involve all my friends in ruin. Helena! Helena! If I could speak one word to you!"

"Helena, if living, dwells an immortal shade in the nether world of shadows," slowly spoke the sympathizing Clodius.

"Helena dead also? She was so beautiful the day I left her. By what fatality has she met this fate?"

"Your father's executioners best can tell."

"My father's executioners? Oh cruel, cruel father, could you not invent tortures for my limbs sufficient to satisfy your desire for punishment, and spare her dear head with its sunny curls? Methought your name fell through her red lips like honey, when she said in her exquisite accent 'Constantius!' Dear lips that never spoke a word naught but in your praise. They will speak no more. It is well. We shall soon meet where there are no kings, nor purple mantles to inflict their curse on our happiness."

"Cæsar, you think aright. The messenger bears the mandate signed by the Great Constantine, that you suffer death before the next sun after his arrival. The sentence, as you well know, I cannot avert. You are a follower with your father of the new religion. I am still a believer in Jupiter, great and good. The believers in the old faith furnish no example of crimes against nature equal to this, and it strikes me, (your pardon, oh Cæsar).) that this new faith is not working any good, but the Gods suffer the Emperor, who now represents it, to become a monster of inhumanity, to show this fact to the believers in their ancient usages."

"Clodius, I hope our old belief is true, and that I shall find the immortal shade of Helena awaiting me on the shore of the desolate Styx. Then clasping hands we shall ascend the beautiful pathway leading to the Elysian fields, and dream no more the mad dream, mortal man calls life."

"The guards are coming, I must retire. May the immortal gods hear your prayer. Farewell."

Before he could receive a reply, he glided into a dark gallery branching off to the right, and by a long and devious passage came out into the central enclosure.

The guard, six brutal Gauls, were sent on an errand of death. They received the command from Clodius, but he overcome by the sympathy of his nature first sought an interview with the Ceaser he almost worshiped. Five of these bearded savages stood above. One went down into the den. There was a naked, chained man on one side, a cuirassed warrior on the other. There was a short double-edged sword with a keen point to do the work of death. There was the great Constantine, Champion of Christianity, to direct the blow. When that one came out, Crispus, walked a shade with his beloved Helena on the desolate shore of the Stygian river. †

COLD COMFORT.—A woman recently entered a store in Connecticut, and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked that she "never did like them kind of stoves—they didn't throw out scarcely any heat, those gas burners didn't."

"PURE RELIGION. Three hundred dollars have been raised by subscription in Holyoke to buy flour for the poor of that town—a deed worthy of imitation.

Carbonell and Eddy Again.

The Boston *Investigator* quotes (Dec. 15th,) a part of our recent brief notice of Mr. Carbonell, the pretentious "Exposer of Spiritualism," with comments which we present herewith. The *Investigator* has for more than a generation been engaged on the negative of the theological and Spiritual argument. We will not say our cotemporary has become ossified and fossilized in its ancient attitude, but while it has the *Infidel* fairness to publish both sides, it finds it necessary to apologize for giving Spiritualism a hearing, and opposes with seeming gusto. The following is the review of our short article, wherein we stated that the performances of Carbonell compared to the phenomena through Mr. Eddy, "as cheap glass to a diamond," and even, as acts of jugglery, were something to be ashamed of. Says the *Investigator*:—

Has the Editor of the *Spiritualist seen* the performances of Mr. Carbonell? If so, he does not represent them correctly; but if not, he is an incompetent judge of them. Mr. C. performs *all* the physical manifestations that Mr. E. does, and furthermore, challenges him in the sum of $1,000 to perform any trick which Mr. C. cannot, and Mr. Eddy is afraid to accept the challenge. These are FACTS, and therefore it is nonsense, if not something worse, to say, as does the editor of the SPIRITUALIST, that "Mr. C. should be ashamed of his own performances, which are child's play in comparison with those of Eddy's." If any parties should be ashamed, they are Eddy and his backers for when a fair and honorable competitor comes forth publicly to meet him, he shrinks and dodges the encounter, and his backers uphold him in his cowardice and defend his imposition. Why don't the Spiritualists help to bring Carbonell and Eddy on the same platform before the public, that we may all see if there is any difference in their jugglery? This would be fair play, and it would also settle the dispute forthwith. Is the spiritual afraid to meet the material in a fair and open encounter? It has that look at present.

Meanwhile, we ask Spiritualists and all others to read the candid account given by our friend Moorhouse (on our second page) of Mr. Carbonell's exhibition at Waltham, where he successfully defeated Mr. Eddy."

The Editor of THE SPIRITUALIST did see the performances of Mr. Carbonell; indeed, there were two representatives of the paper present at the exhibition in Waltham, one of whom was familiar with Mr. Carbonell's antecedents for some considerable time before his present speculation.

As to the correctness of our representation we are still of our first opinion, and shall need something more than the "candid (?) account" of friend Moorhouse to convict our senses of an utter deception. The AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST discusses this question in no partisan or time-serving spirit. The writer of these paragraphs canvassed these issues years ago, and graduated in the school of trickery under the teaching of one who is Carbonell's master in the art—the redoubtable Von Vleck himself. Mr. C. has therefore no sensation to offer us. Years ago, at Bumstead Hall, Boston, we denounced rope tying as insufficient security for proof of which, see *Banner of Light* report of seances of the Eddy family there. Again and again through these columns, we have warned the public of such imposition as we have been aware of. We are animated by no desire to *prove* anything, but to discover "*The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.*" The notice of us in the *Investigator* is so different from its common editorial spirit, that we are almost certain the chair and pen have been surrendered to a person whose temper is as much in fault as his manner of observation.

But we became convinced of the fact of the spiritual origin of certain physical phenomena, after Von Vleck, Fay and others, had done their best and worst upon us. Some mediums have resorted to trickery when conditions were unfavorable. We know they are human, like the rest of us—no more inflexibly honest than good infidels, *artists* and *editors* are known to be and when want has pressed them, or avarice excited them; while unreasonable public demands have urged and a gaping credulity invited, they have cheated and deceived for fame and money. Since *no other class are thus guilty*, their shame is great and peculiar. This

spirits, we are certain, if we are sure of anything. A medium cannot at will produce phenomena, and an honest one may fail at any time. Therefore, a medium cannot safely accept "the fool's argument"—a wager—even if his friends were not averse to making his gifts the basis of a gambling transaction.

Mr. Carbonell was invited in our hearing to take the cabinet of Mr. Eddy at Mercantile Hall, and offered by Mr. Morton handsome pay for doing so. The pious young man declined, "as it was *Sunday evening!*" Mr. Eddy's statement as to the hundred dollars, was an absurd one, but one only an honest medium would have made. He could *not* have escaped, he believed; he was liberated, and supposed every one else must be freed in the same way. Had he been a juggler, he would have known better; but because any one *with plenty of time*, can wriggle out of a rope, we are not brought to the end of the matter, by any means. Spiritualists are not so anxious as many imagine, to convince people "against their will;" but having a scientific discovery, can afford to wait until "the Bourbons" die, and the truth vindicates itself.

As to the letter of Mr. Moorhouse, it may have been fairly meant, but seems to us far from "candid," and embodies more than one misstatement. Speaking of the exhibition at Waltham, it reports, "Our Spiritualist friends (?) were apparently determined to rule or ruin, though in a decided minority; they produced a majority of the calls for the tying which should decide the right to a gift of $100, and wished the test without delay."

This may be "candid," but it is not, in our opinion, true. The parties on the platform appeared determined to choose a committee of their own. Spiritualists asked for some one "not a Spiritualist." Their evident determination for fair play was the only thing in which they sought "to rule," and the better part of the audience saw it so, and hence elected the committee who first did the tying, who was a Spiritualist.

"Many tests were given and explained—Fay's spirit tie, the flour test, dark circle, etc. The audience were repeatedly asked if they wanted anything produced they ever saw or heard of. 'Ask and it shall be given.'" For instance, Mr. Carbonell, says Mr. Moorhouse, stated that the Davenports took "a bag of flour" into the cabinet with them, when thousands know the boys are searched before commencing their sitting. Mr. Carbonell, for a long time after slipping his hand out of the heedless tying imposed on him when he was in the cabinet, showed but *one* hand and that of but one size. The writer of this asked several times that several hands of different sizes might be shown at once, as was so often done from Mr. Eddy's cabinet. The answer from the platform was, "We have been only three weeks getting up this show, and have had no time to manufacture them." (The *Investigator* does not deny the correctness of our information that Carbonell has been for over a year in training as a bogus medium.) Another inquiry as courteously put as possible, brought a square-shouldered *gentleman* to our side, who being full of the *spirit*, gave us notice to "shut up." The manners and breath of the person were equally bad. There was a crowd of "pious roughs" in the hall, bent on mischief, apparently; and though Mr. Carbonell, by persuasion, induced his friends (very material ones) to forbear personal violence to Mr. Eddy and others, as they proposed, yet he could not prevent them from insulting and threatening any one who made themselves known as a friend of his. With Mr. Eddy's wagers, if he made any, we have nothing to do, but a more rowdyish and altogether unsatisfactory exhibition than the occasion of the "expose," we have never shared in.

Mr. Moorhouse is welcome to his "triumph,', but to his position, such victories are more terrible than defeats. §

Read the poem by Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol in this number. We have been placed under obligations to her for the many good things with which she has enabled us to enrich our columns; this last original contribution is especially pleasing. §

Help Yourself.

We place little faith in the genius which expires without action. The poet may lament his fate in sorrowing numbers; the philosopher must pity both genius and poet. Might as well talk of a nightingale living a long life without singing, or a lark not greeting the morn. The music is in them, and will out, in spite of cage or bars, and can only be extinguished with life. Boy at the plow, imagining yourself a dwarfed Shakspeare, think of Burns singing a song while tugging the furrow, just as you are, which vibrated human hearts round the world. The secret of his success was that he was Burns. There are none like him, and none need expect to be, not even desire to be. The world hates duplicates; the last it always considers a caricature. Burns' age wanted a Burns, and he came. Our age desires different developments, and if you are the one called, be assured you will not die unwanted. This view of man's mission is liable to abuse. Believing that we are wholly creatures of circumstance, we idly remain awaiting the issue, waiting for a summons to take some great position. When thus benighted, we should consider that we are ourselves the greatest circumstance of our existence, and our own activity and energy must earn the place we desire. The French Revolution might have passed and never called the name of Napoleon, had he not, educated in its spirit, seized with masterly grasp the control of its discordant elements.

Cincinnatus may be called from the plow to the dictatorship of an Empire; but never, had he not, by a long service, already shown his masterly genius for command. Such great turns of fortune never overtake the unprepared and waiting drones. They may wait to the day of doom, and wait till "God helps those who help themselves," and fortune is the helper of the energetic.

The individual may bide his time, gathering strength and preparing, only biding that he may be prepared in season to grasp the first opportunity he is "lord of;" then he makes a mark wide and deep in the hearts of mankind, as the path of an avalanche. See how it is with that. Through the long Winter days it rests on the mountain's brow; day by day the snow falls, adding flake to flake; and the sleet and rain congeal to its surface, still it reposes, grasping the rocky brow with tighter hand, and amid tempests and clouds remaining. Spring comes, and the breath of Summer warms the mountain. Then it is ready for the dreadful leap, for which all Winter has been preparing, and with a thundering crash, reaching from chasm to chasm, and rolling in dying accents from crag to crag, it rushes to the plain. Generations of men unnumbered will behold its deep furrow, almost cleaving the mountain in twain. Had it not waited until prepared, had it fallen piece by piece, had it otherwise than thrown all the accumulated force of a year into the effort, the first grasses of Spring would have obliterated its path. So it is with the efforts of men. They can waste their energies in fruitless efforts; they can waste in idle waiting; they can, by husbanding their strength till the proper time, shatter the world, and obtain the homage of generations they have benefitted.

The old adage, "Seize time by the forelock," should read, seize circumstances by the forelock. Make the most of your surroundings, using them for stepping stones to something higher. Never impatient, never content, active ever. †

"The *Radical*, for December, contains contributions from C. C. Shackford, Mary E. Nutting, D. A. Wasson, George F. Walker, C. K. Whipple and A. Bronson Alcott. The notes are extremely well got up, and the circular which accompanies this number is packed with solid truth, like a bee's cell with honey."

We quote the above notice from the *Boston Commonwealth*, which excellent journal is good authority in matters of criticism.

The *Lyceum Banner* publishes a good likeness of Friend Andrew Jackson Davis. The *Lyceum Banner* is very enterprising considering the scanty support it has. May its income soon equal its inspiration.

Sudden Transition.

Mr. Charles H. Crowell the medium, through whom for six years the spirit of Dr. Rufus Kitredge, and a band who have been in communication with our friends of the *Banner of Light*, have manifested, has departed this earthly life. He fell suddenly in the streets of Nashua, N. H., Dec. 16th, 1869. Mrs. J. Conant, the medium of the "Free Circles," in connection with the *Banner* establishment is Mr. Crowell's sister, and we sincerely sympathise with her in this additional affliction which has fallen upon her. Very few have done more than Mrs. Conant for the cause of Spiritualism she is a most remarkable unconcious medium, and by the common destiny of her sensitive development, has drank deep of the cup of sorrow and suffering. The brother was perhaps equally wonderful in the same line of unfolding; we were but slightly acquainted with him, but judge he had the capacities for usefulness, and was liable to the same perturbations which seem almost inseperable from one of his temperament and organization. Comparatively few realize the trials in the life of a genuine and susceptible medium. Mr. Crowell was fortunate in being associated in connection with the *Banner* with those who could sympathise with, and comprehend him; and now that he has gone from the mortal, we are confident he will be no less useful to them than ever, while his own progress and happiness will be unhindered, and unmarred by the disabilities and imperfections of the phase of existence in which we still must toil, suffer and hope, with only here and there a sunbeam of joy to cheer us on our way.

The funeral of Mr. Crowell was from Horticultural Hall, Boston, the speaker, Mrs. Hardinge, who fitly and eloquently conducted the natural and impressive ceremony, on the 20th inst. Mr. Crowell was 41 years and 4 months of age at the time of his decease. We shall await with interest his communications from "The land to which we are going when this weary life is o'er." §

Phonography of A. J. Graham.

We always admire pluck, and when a man has a "good thing," to see him stand boldly up and defend it by every possible measure. Such is the course of A. J. Graham. He is determined to make phonography a fixed method. The systems in use before he set himself to the herculean task of making one so perfect it would not be changed, were so fluctuating, crude and imperfect that every reporter may be said to have had a system of his own, and for correspondence and general writing they were worthless.

Mr. Graham felt the need of a perfect system; one so matured it would not be, like its predecessors undergoing constant change. They had been learned by a few, he desired to give the world a system, knowing that the only way to make it of greatest usefulness, was to thoroughly diffuse its elements, and publish valuable works in its characters.

His system is scientific, accurate, and as legible as ordinary print. He has made it "standard," and it is difficult to see where it can be changed without blemishing.

With his "Hand-book" and "Readers," any one can learn the system in a short time, as well as from a teacher, and by practice can become expert in the reportorial art. The *Phonographic Visitor*, is a weekly, half in type and half in phonography. The latter exquisite as a picture. Success to his self-sacrificing labors. Address, 563 Broadway, New York. †

VICK'S ILLUSTRATAD CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE for 1870 is one of the very handsomest pamphlets on our table, it is printed on 84 pages of tinted paper, crowded with illustrations and of equal value to the practical florist, the amateur gardener and those pale citizens whose only landscape is a few plants upon the window sill. Mr. James Vick has done well to put his portrait in the book, for it is "a letter of recommendation face," in which natural refinement and honesty seem combined. His address is at Rochester, N. Y., where those who wish such an elegant addition to their books of reference, will do well to apply for it. Price 10 cents, less than half its cost.

Ventilation—No. 4.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

After saying what we have of meetings for discussion and for mutual improvement, using "Hospitaller's Hall" with its merits and demerits as an exponent of such institutions, perhaps a little of what one might see of its mental dynamics on a casual visit, may be interesting, and at the same time further illustrate the subject of these communications.

While writing the preceding parts, and for a few weeks, the subjects were such as would interest the readers of this paper. One of the questions running through two or three evenings was, "Does Modern Spiritualism elevate the morals of the Community?" The 2d one, occupying a few weeks was this, "Are Dark Circles a Delusion?"

The former was tolerably well discussed, that is, fairly. It is no uncommon thing for wandering Spiritual stars to drop in, when such subjects are advertised, and we have seen Brothers A. E. Carpenter, E. S. Wheeler, H. B. Storer, Moses Hull, and others, who from time to time shed a little light there for the general good. During the two discussions referred to, none of these bright "occasionals" were around, but there never is any lack of "defenders of the faith," not *once* delivered to the saints, but according to the new version, born of modern Spiritualism, being *perpetually* delivered to the saints. On the evening of which we are speaking, the question was opened by Prof. Gockritch, who has much zeal, but not always according to knowledge. He is an ex-reverend. The title of Professor which attaches to several of the lights of this Institute, is more a social appellation than a scholarly one. The point of his remarks seemed to be, that Spiritualists generally admitted that there were both good and bad communications, and that it was hard to tell what were true and what were false; and this was enough for any one to decide the question negatively.

Mr. Bradley (colored) followed, and criticised the argument of the opener and paid the most of his attention to the miracles of Moses and others, and was rather more eccentric than argumentative.

A bold young Irishman replied: He was a bigoted Catholic, and seemed to consider modern Spiritualism one of the phases of Protestantism; used a portion of his time, reading fortune-tellers' advertisements from the Boston *Herald*, and seemed to think the whole was the work of the devil, and that the whole subject of Spiritualism was condensed into this idea, that a young woman on payment of 50 cents, (referring to the advertisement,) could have her future husband shown or delineated to her, and a man the same, for the small fee of one dollar: Having set up that man of straw, he demolished it, and by the applause of some of the audience concluded he had settled this question forever, negatively.

The writer of this article following, said he had no feud with Christianity, but proved that the logic of the other side from Gockritch, down, was as clear against the claims of Christianity as it was against Modern Spiritualism. He thought the belief that mortals after death were alive and around and interested in us, must be conducive to morality, by the laws of deduction, and he thought the facts proved it, and that a belief of this kind made a man both better and happier.

Mr. Pinkham, an atheist, who once had a friend come to grief in some way through the subject, gave his chronic tirade against the institution—that it made people insane, broke up marriage relations, disturbed families, made doctors out of mountebanks, and its religion was, sitting round a table in a dark room, &c.

A woman, evidently a stranger there, made a neat speech in reply, which was a pleasure after his loud oratory. Her point was, "Is it true?" prove that, and if it be truth the question was settled, for the truth of necessity elevated the morals of the community.

We are not pretending to give the speeches made, only a semi-sketch of a few of them, and one can see how poor and weak, and silly, is the general argument of the opposition—rarely touching the question vitally, they aim for applause and get it from such an audience, by being sharp and witty, irrespective of truth, but the thoughtful see that this is not to be argued down, but brightens as you rub it; and some have found themselves favoring it, wholly by the weak logic of opposers, thus the Pinchams, Gockritchs, Wetherels and Burkes by a sort of reflex action, make believers of some people, whom perhaps the direct argument might fail to reach, so even here "there is a divinity that shapes &c."

The question that followed, occupying a few evenings was, "Are Dark Circles delusions?" having reference to public cabinet manifestations, was not suitable for an argument, it being a matter more or less of experience. The same question has been up often before, and it seems for two reasons: 1st, it admits of much abuse of the subject by cheap insinuations; 2d, a few disaffected Spiritualists find pleasure in the cheap applause accruing to them by thus ranging side by side and agreeing with the opposers. The writer of this communication, on the night of which we are speaking, opened the question by request, saying, if there was one fact that delusion did not account for, or one fact that nothing but a disembodied intelligence could produce, the question was settled. A thousand cheats or any amount of negative evidence did not weigh a feather against one positive fact. He then gave some experience of his own, and spoke of the public manifestations, some of which, if he could not endorse, the evidence of the senses were of no account.

A very civil spoken man followed, who wanted the subject to be true, but thought that instead of the assertions of people who had seen such things, they ought to produce them in this hall, here and now. As of old time one said, "Come down from the cross and we will believe in you." Jesus, it seems, required conditions; but the word *conditions* when intimated by a Spiritualist, though essential in every department of science, seems to be defined by them to imply arrangement for cheating. Oh! when will the blind see?

Mr. Green followed and spent ten minutes in stating some of the operations of nature and science, where darkness was an essential condition.

Next followed Dr. Uriah Clark of Spiritualistic fame. Said he saw the question advertised, and came for no other purpose but to give his opinion against all dark circles, that they were all delusions. Said he had been connected with the Davenports in their youth, had investigated them and found them deceivers, and advised them to quit New York—this was 10 years ago—which they did, and went elsewhere, where he said they one time made $10,000 in a few weeks—making one think of the old song—

> "They had money and I had none,
> That's the way the row begun."

he said that all the mediums for such (we think he used the broader word *physical*) manifestations from Hume over in Europe, down to the Lords here, including Eddys, Ellises and Davenports, had every one been detected in cheating; and that it was the duty of Spiritualists to set their faces against all this class of imposition. Many others spoke and as the Doctor was a new recruit to the opposition, which included Mr. Walcutt, the painter of banners, and P. B. Randolph, the eloquent and erratic medium, those who followed on that side made capital out of the statement. These Spiritual luminaries, one and all, were pleased to be complimented as the *stars* of Spiritualism, who were too honest to swallow this modern delusion, and like Dr. Hatch, had the good sense to denounce it.

The man who opened had the closing word, and paid his attention to the assertions of Doctor Clark, remarking, that people of as good standing as he, had said *light* manifestations were delusions, and had also said, he, Dr. Clark, was a delusion in *his* claims, and that his institution for *angelic* cures was a delusion, and a disgrace to Spiritualism, and Spiritualists should set their faces against it. The speaker said he was only quoting, but the logic was as good against him and his assertions, as Dr. Uriah Clark's statements were against the Davenports and others, and that to be consistent, he should set his face against the whole of Modern Spiritualism as well as against the *dark* part of it; that notwithstanding his assertions against such manifestations, where some people know better, and others' assertions against the lighter character, and others' assertions against his physical—the Davenports would continue their "cheats" and he would probably continue his "cures," and the world will be the better for the former in our opinion, and the latter must speak for itself. He, the speaker, blamed no one for exposing a cheat every time; nobody were more willing than the Spiritualists to be ventilated in that particular, but well meaning people, especially those who know that there is a fact, even in this part of the subject, and one that has reached some human hearts where *religion* or *physic* have not, will not approve of the denunciation of a whole class, merely because one man has a sore place, or may be, because some people may have been cheated. The golden rule of law is "better a hundred guilty escape, than that one innocent person suffer the penalty," and while condemnation should be meted out to every person who tricks, the innocent should have the benefit of the doubt, and not suffer for the sins of others, especially by Spiritualists who are supposed to have some knowledge of the truth, by their asserting broadly what nobody but God himself could do, who alone is infinite. The writer is happy to say here that most or all whom he refers to are liable to have *such* chickens come home to roost.

But this article is getting lengthy: let these few brief notes answer as an illustration of the dynamics of "Hospitaller's Hall," the elaboration we must leave to the reader, not forgetting in closing, this one thing, that Modern Spiritualism holds its own even here, and grows brighter as it is rubbed. Being a truth it has nothing to fear, and as the female stranger said, if a *truth*, then the question is settled, "for truth of necessity must elevate the morality of a people."

The Widow's Guardians,

A CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENT OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY S. F. DOLBEAR.

While enjoying, during the past summer, the elegant hospitality of kind friends in an interior town of Pennsylvania, I learned from the lips of one of the parties principally interested, a narration of incidents of such a character as greatly to impress me; incidents which show beyond controversy, that our friends live ever, and that having loved and interested themselves in us, they continue to do so—thus accomplishing in the present day, what was done by Jesus in his, when he "brought life and immortality to light."

Should any of your readers find pleasure or profit in the perusal of these lines, my object will be accomplished, and I shall have the satisfaction of feeling that there are others, who, like myself, are willing to read and reflect, and let the truth have its influence upon the heart.

Whatever may be the influence of climate, natural scenery and soil, upon man's spiritual development, it has often been observed that in a wild, picturesque, and particularly in a mountain region, a much larger number of persons were found susceptible to those influences called Spiritual; in other words, owing to the effect of the purer air usually found in higher altitudes, the system is so freed from miasmatic impurities, that that which is Spiritual can better communicate with and through it. Witness the Highlands of Scotland, where almost uniform health of body and consequent equanimity of temperament are found; here that condition called "second sight" is very common and "seers" are recognized by the truthfulness of their predictions.

Many years since, there lived in one of the upland counties of Pennsylvania, a young man of Teutonic origin whose only inheritance was a pair of strong hands, a willing heart, great integrity of purpose and energy of character. These qualities combined, caused him to seek a life of activity and toil, such as usually finds its compensating return in a country like that in which his lot was cast. But as in the early days of

our storied progenitor, so now, our young friend found that in his case it was "not good for man to be alone." With this feeling so universally prevalent among our race, he was naturally attracted to a maiden, "fair to look upon," who, though like himself, poor in this world's goods, had the more valuable attributes of character, true womanly affection and great personal energy. In process of time the interests of these two persons, so well adapted to each other, are blended into one, and with the hope and energy incident to early life, they commenced a career of associated labor. Each succeeding year of cheerful and joyous toil, brought its compensation of increased worldly prosperity, and as time passed on, two sons and a daughter were born, bringing with them joys and corresponding cares; and as they grew up, and increasing prosperity admonished the husband that their united labors might properly be relaxed, as a competence had been obtained, he often told his faithful wife that he would so arrange his affairs, that should he be taken away, she would have no occasion for further labor, as he would secure to her a large share of the property she had so faithfully labored to accumulate. This promise so often made, was not carried into effect until the father and both sons were stricken down with typhus fever, which carried all three to their graves. When the fatal character of the disease became apparent to the father, he expressed his regret that he had so long delayed to put into legal form the intention he had so often expressed with regard to securing to his wife a portion of his estate, but said that it would make no difference as his friends all knew what his wishes were, and would see them carried out. At this time he was too weak to execute any legal document, and so continued until death forever debarred him from the proper execution of his purpose.

The father and both sons passed nearly simultaneously to the Spirit world, leaving mother and daughter in desolation and tears. The daughter grew up with all her mother's loveliness of character and beauty of person. Everything was pleasant and satisfactory, so far as the use of the property was concerned; although the daughter could legally hold a large share of it, until she and the widowed mother were each married; then, interested persons with selfish designs, induced the daughter to assert her legal claim to the property, and so far did these designing persons carry their purpose, that the daughter who lived with her husband on a farm some miles from the town in which her mother resided, when she came into town, omitted to call on the latter, but stopped with other friends. This condition of things continued for a long time, until it was perceived that she became emaciated, and sadness took the place of her accustomed cheerfulness.

At length the daughter came to her mother's house, and with tears in her eyes told her that she had come in to sell the farm (which the father had owned,) and to make over a large share of the proceeds to her. The mother somewhat astonished after all that had occurred, enquired what had produced this change in her purposes. The daughter replied that she had had no peace for many months; that almost every night during that time, her father and two brothers had come to her bedside, and with frowning looks insisted upon her putting her mother in possession of the property, as the father had originally designed; that she was unable longer to withstand their importunity, and had concluded to accede to their wishes.

The mother informed me that during the succeeding night she heard her daughter weeping violently, and was on the point of going up to her, when the weeping ceased. When the daughter made her appearance in the morning, she immediately told her mother that she should sell the farm that day; that her father and brothers came to her during the night and with angry looks *insisted* that she should sell the farm for the mother's benefit; that a person would call upon her the next day and would purchase the place for a specified amount; that while the father was talking to her, another man came into the room; that the father turned to her and said, "that is the man who will purchase the place." She saw this individual so distinctly and looked at him so long, that she was able to describe his dress, stature, color of his hair and eyes with so much minuteness, that the mother at once recognized him from that description, when he came to the house at 11 o'clock next day. The daughter also recognized him, and told her mother that *that was the man*, who would buy the farm. Neither of them had ever seen him before.

In less than two hours, the farm *was sold* to this very person, and a satisfactory amount of the proceeds secured to the mother.

Since then, the former amiable and affectionate relations between mother and daughter have been restored; no nocturnal disturbances have since occurred; health and beauty again bloom upon the cheeks of the daughter, and three generations (the aged grandmother being yet alive,) still bear witness to the truth that our departed friends continuously remain interested in our welfare.

What is remarkable about this transaction is, that the man who purchased the farm had not thought of doing so, twelve hours before.

NOTE.

Such facts as are contained in the above interesting statement, when authenticated—as this is—are especially valuable to the spiritualistic literature of to-day. The writer, Mr. S. F. Dolbear, is a gentleman well known to the Editors of this paper, as every way reliable and conscientious. He is and has been a trusted government official for many years, and this account of his may be believed in and accepted without question.

B.

BETTER VIEWS OF LIVING:

Or Life according to the Doctrine of "Whatever is is Right."

By A. B. Child, M. D., Author of "Whatever is is Right," "Christ and the People," etc.

Boston: Adams & Co.

A revolutionary book, the work of a mind which loves the last analysis of things, and delights to startle, to astonish, to astound,

A. B. Child is spiritually a lineal descendant of the hard-headed Calvanistic theologians of primitive New England; Calvanism affirmed the "total depravity" of all things, but that (as to God) "Whatever is is right; since the "grace of God" redeemed as he would, for a manifestation of his own glory. Thus Calvanism was an indissoluble blending of two opposite natural ideas, and held a grand truth could it but have found expression.

Where Jonathan Edwards fell short, A. B. Child seeks to push the logic of his philosophy to ultimate conclusions. Optimism and Pessimism are the two wheels of the chariot of Truth. Life, according to the doctrine of "Whatever is is right," is a metaphysical wheelbarrow without legs, and is apt to upset unless kept steady by main strength.

That "Whatever is is right," is an absolute truth; that whatever is is wrong, is a positive fact. This is paradox. Every circle is a paradox; every rotary motion is a paradox; all nature is a paradox; all progress paradoxical.

A. B. Child is troubled as was Pharoah of old, who found his baggage train "drave heavily" when he undertook to advance with one wheel off. The *best* views of life must take in something more than a simple axiom, even though its nature predicates the balance proposition. "Whatever is *is* right," and will be until changed for the better; whatever is is wrong, until reform corrects it. The wrongs of life, and the possibility of improvement by aspiration and willful effort, are not to be argued away by force of any metaphysical speculation.

"Religion is simply desire," says this writer; "Every sinner is religious"—"Every religion is divine"—"Every faith is true"—"Christianity is a development"—"Christianity is charity—" "As rivers run, so run the passions of the people; every drop of water within them is governed by the power that makes their running. Rivers are never stopped, but are only hindered in their courses by man's restraint." "As every river serves a use, and runs until its destiny is fulfilled, so every passion serves its use and runs until its mission is fulfilled. As rivers drain the surplus water from the land for uses. producing life, health, and vigor in place of death, stagnation and corruption so the passions carry off useless life from the people, giving health in the place of stagnation, corruption and death."

The Intuitionist is often incapacitated for a popular teacher, "language is an impertinence," and we are not to take inspired writings merely in an external and literal sense. "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools (and only they) will learn in no other." There is a way of development through suffering, but there is a Spiritual vision possible as well in the light of which we walk along a higher and pleasanter way. Only the blind wade in weary circles the quagmire of sorrow. Banish ignorance, you have emancipated the world. There are uses which inhere in nature, others which cohere with art; both are legitimate. It may be true that passional excess tends to correct itself, but too often supposed reformation is simply exhaustion, which leaves the sources of life depleted.

The river fulfills its natural use when flowing unobstructed towards the sea. But there are higher uses for the power of the stream, to be developed, however, only by obstruction, by restraint. Natural forces may not be destroyed even if dissipated; they may be *diverted* and are capable of transmutation to higher forms of action. Place a barrier in the way of the torrent and it will rise equal to its height; then the wheels of industry are set in motion, a million spindles sing the song of progress, and a thousand hammers beat the anvil chorus of civilization. Thus in the movement of the passions, there may be natural animal use subserved by normal action. Reproduction, health, sanity—all are conserved by legitimate sexual expression. But there are higher uses for the virile power of manhood and womanhood. Checked, regulated, reserved, restrained on the lower plane of action, this force becomes manifest in higher phases of development.

The remedy for undue amitiveness, is not to be found in destructive, exhaustive action, else blood-letting might shorten the process.

The most positive cure for a plethora of sexual life, is to *bleed through the brain;* study, thought, artistic or literary creation; these are the true antidotes of licentiousness. Dam the stream and draw on the accumulated waters for the power by which to execute all noble work. This is nature complete in art. All power is born of repression, all force created by some form of restraint. "Raise hell high enough, and it becomes the golden floor of heaven." The power of vicious lust, operating upward through the brain; begets science, art, poesy, music and the world of beauty and excellent use.

Sexual power, is the mainspring of physical action as well, and whatever fully exercises the muscular system, tends to distribute its influence through all the machinery of life. It is the force of the mainspring in *regulated* action, which gives the watch its usefulness; the spring might be relieved by casting off the *restraints* which makes it a power; but we should lose the time of day in consequence.

But we do not imagine the intent of "Better Views of Living" is to weaken in any way the recognized obligation to sexual integrity, personal chastity, or purity of life. This book must be read as a whole; and even then cannot be fully appreciated without a personal knowledge of the writer. Through all the boundless spirit of love and charity is the controling inspiration.

The purpose of the writer flinches at nothing. Truth alone is the goddess of his worship; aud if he greatly and radically mistakes at times, it is only because he greatly and radically does everything. His intuition is a calcium light, flashing strange gleams into complacent darkness, but intense enough to blind the weak or bewilder the careless. There are noble chapters in the volume; that on "Acts" is full of wisdom, developed of course in harmony with the predominating idea of the whole work. The "Essay on the Power and Purpose of Spiritualism" is well worthy respectful consideration; indeed, to those who can enter into the spiritual significance of its affirmations, the book is replete with truth, with love and wisdom, beauty and use. We recommend that it be read, not in haste, carelessly, superficially, but carefully, thoughtfully and with deliberation. We shall discover no infallible revelation, but receive many valuable suggestions; we shall be provoked to thought; and "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom. ?

At a late meeting of the Presbytery, brother W. said, early in his ministry, he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother M. said to brother W., "Go stop that old man's noise." W. went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. Brother M. asked brother W., "What did you say to that old man that quieted him so promptly?" Brother W., replied, "*I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions.*"

Spiritualism in Boston.

Agreeably with our custom, followed with more or less regularity since our connection with this paper, we occasionally seek to gather spiritualistic items of general information concerning persons and things, the reading of which may interest some who are accustomed to scan the pages of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

As to meetings, their success and number, but little can be said of a satisfactory character. In the vicinity of the "Hub," as throughout the country generally, meetings are in a sort of demoralized state. With even no good local organizations, no responsible committees, and no special interest on the part of the public—regular Sunday gatherings among the spiritualists for some time past have been on the wane. The lecture fever has had its run. The mania for sensational speaking, on the spiritual rostrum, is happily on the decline. Lukewarmness and indifference have usurped the place of vital interest. The spasmodic term of Spiritualism, embracing all forms of public expression, is undergoing a needed change. The old and irregular, but popular, manner of awaking interest, manufacturing proselytes, measuring spiritualistic claims, pursuing investigation, classifying and analyzing phenomena, is being gradual ly supplanted and greatly improved. After a season, better o der, which is but another name for organization, will be realized—followed by better system, more thorough investigation and a truer adherance to fundamental principles. The second era or stage of Spiritualism will thus be more normal, satisfactory and scien tific—a reform absolutely demanded by the growing necessities of the age. So instead of Sunday meetings and public interest increasing, the former, at least, in the expressive language of the streets, are temporarily "played out." The reasons for this are various. Their further enumeration here, however, will avail no particular good.

In the progressive ebb and flow of the ocean of life a great reactionary wave has come to the spiritualistic movement. In an external sense, the cause seems to be passing through a sort of eclipse. On its emergement, which may not occur for several years, new features and grander revealments will dawn upon mankind. During the necessary periodic change, which it is now undergoing, its influence will gradually continue to become diffusive, permeating and affecting Science, Art and Literature to an extent that Society, Government; Church and State will all the sooner become thoroughly disintegrated, and thus duly prepared for the influx of far greater light and a higher degree of spiritual knowledge—through this now despised Spiritualism.

Our coadjutor, Bro. Wheeler, and his amiable lady, made their home with us during their two month's sojourn in the East. With Col. and Cora Tappan, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wheeler and other kindred spirits, our humble abode was oft the temple of spiritual banquetings that fed the souls of those there assembled to a degree the great world without knows and cares but little about, and could comprehend still less if it did.

We attended Bro. Wheeler's course of lectures at Charlestown to our profit. Though an associate with him in the conducting of this paper, and hence, in the opinion of some, perhaps debarred from freely expressing our personal views concerning his qualifications as a speaker—an opinion which has no weight with us—justice compels us to state that our individual conviction is, that no public discourses which we are accustomed to hear from the Spiritual platform, excel his in depth and comprehension of thought, or vigor and felicity of expression. For verification of this we ask every one disposed to question it to candidly and carefully read the reports of his lectures, some of which have appeared of late—the others soon to follow we trust—in our cotemporary, the *Banner of Light*. Others, as well as ourselves, place him in the front rank of speakers, with Messrs. Ferguson, Denton, Finney, Gales Forster, Loveland and the like.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge in fulfilling her second engagement, since her recent return from England, has been addressing large audiences in Bsston during December. We have heard good judges pronounce these discourses to be below Music Hall par. For ourselves, without being critical, we have to confess to disappointment as to the quality of these lectures from one of her status. They certainly did not equal those we heard her deliver in days agone. Limiting her subject and hearers to the consideration of purely theoretical and metaphysical questions, she prefaced her opening discourse with the warning note to her auditors "to look rather for such forms of expression as will embody familiar truths and oft repeated axioms of life-knowledge than the flights of poetry or the imagery of visionary fancy." Notwithstanding this it is very generally conceded that we were treated to a generous amount of merely eloquent talk, with a tolerable supply of common truths.

During the past five years, not to mention a longer term, the Spiritual platform has flooded the world with *theories* mainly good, rather than bad or indifferent. But the great want of the times is the light and knowledge to practicalize them. Cannot we have more equalization?

Mrs. Hardinge's manner, while speaking, is neither pleasing nor natural. It is objectionable because her action is invariably over done, and stagey at that. Simple statements and invocations require neither tragic attitudes nor rapid striding of the platform; yet both are frequently marred by these faults—reason and good taste being outraged by every such exhibition. We mention these things solely that our popular speakers, and Mrs. Hardinge is most deservedly so, may become all the more truly effective in their public efforts—suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, while ever keeping in view the modesty of nature.

By way of compensation and amends for all this we are very glad to learn, from those who attended both places, that the Sunday evening lectures before the friends at Chelsea were uniformly much superior in every respect to those delivered in Boston. Of this we are sure, that her remarks and deportment, in conducting the funeral services of Chas. H. Crowell, were the most satisfactory it was ever our privilege to note on any such occasion.

Other items press upon our attention, but we considerately abstain. B

J. S. Loveland in the Present Age.

The Present Age is improving rapidly. Our old friend J. S. Loveland is publishing a number of philosophical articles which add great weight to its pages. A series of essays on "What is Spiritualism?" give a deal in brief space. We reproduce the final paragraphs:

"The substance of our argument thus far, is this:

1 A new idea constitutes a new Dispensation, as each different interpretation of that basic idea constitutes a special sect of that religion.

2. A distinctively new idea has been evolved in the human consciousness, within the present generation.

3. This idea is a composite one, embodying the potential elements of the church and rationalism.

4. Being in complete accord with Science and Philosophy it perfectly meets the great necessity of the age, and therefore, alone can stay the tidal flow of the masses into the dark, mad whirlpool of material sensualism and infidelity.

5. It is the recoil of human nature against the insensate madness of infidelity on the one hand, and the idiotic stupor of the authorative dogmatism of the church on the other.

6. These, and many other considerations, leave no conclusion possible, except the one assumed, that Spiritualism is a New Dispensation.

7. The reader is also entitled to infer that the application of this philosophy to the question of Deity, gives us spiritual pantheism; and to man a spiritual Brotherhood, and universal Democracy. "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" are the inevitable corrollaries from the premise of a natural Spiritualism. Deity is the sum of all additions, the product of all multiplications, the exponent of all forces, the absolute of all relatives, and the soul of all life. Consequently order is method, is the universal law of all evolution, and there is no real disorder in any of the great workings of the universe. Everything works to a wise and beneficient end, which is sure to be attained."

The *Children's Friend*, now in its fifth volume, is published by E. K. Smedley, No. 13 S. Church St., West Chester, Pa. This little monthly, for the larger class of children, is well brought out, and seems in matter pleasant and unobjectionable, for the low price of $1.50 per annum.

Ohio Matters.

PLAN OF MISSIONARY WORK.

At the meeting of the EXECUTIVE BOARD of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists, held at the office of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, on Wednesday, Nov. 3d, 1869, the following plan of Missionary Work was unanimously adopted whereby unity and concert of action may be established between all societies of the State: That regular circuits be established, four societies making a circuit, each circuit having a speaker, thus giving each one Sunday in the month.

Whenever any speaker shall secure the concurrence of four societies to enter this plan, agreeing to pay ten dollars for his services once a month, the Board promises to add to such speaker's pay five dollars per Sunday, to be paid from the General Missionary Fund. Such speakers to defray their own expenses, and receive the proceeds of their week day engagements. But the adoption of such speaker as Misoionary Agent shall in all cases be decided by a majority of the Board.

The General Missionary Fund is created by annual subscriptions. All who are interested in seeing order evolved out of chaos, in Spiritualism, in the shape of systemetic effort, are earnestly requested to subscribe such amount as they feel inclined, to be paid quarterly to a Finance Committee. This part of the plan to remain unchanged from that hitherto adopted.

In this connection we suggest that the President and Treasurer of local societies constitute their Finance Committee, and where no organized society exists, those subscribing should appoint two or more of their number to act in this capacity.

Quarterly payments are due as follows:

First Quarter, - - - - - October 1.
Second Quarter, - - - - - January 1.
Third Quarter, - - - - - - April 1.
Fourth Quarter, - - - - - - July 1.

All subscriptions must be sent to D. U. Pratt, Treasurer, Cleveland.

On motion of D. U. Pratt, A. A. Wheelock was elected General Missionary Agent.

GEO. W. WILSON, *Recording Secretary.*
C. B. LYNN, *Secretary, pro. tem.*

MISSIONARY WORK.

Dist. No. 1. SPEAKERS FOR JANUARY.

	A. A. Wheelock,	E. S. Wheeler.
Painesville,	Jan. 2.	Jan. 16.
Geneva,	" 9.	Thompson, " 9.
Kirtland,	" 16.	
Thompson,	" 23.	

Dist. No. 2. SPEAKER FOR JANUARY.

Mrs. S. E. Warner,	at	Jefferson,	January 2nd.
" "		Monroe Centre,	" 9th.
" "		Linesville,	" 16th.
" "		Andover,	" 22rd.

MEETINGS.

O. P. Kellogg lectures at Lyceum Hall, Cleveland, on the 1st and 2d Sundays of January, and on the 3rd Sunday at Akron. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12.30 P. M.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou will lecture at Kirtland, January 2nd.

E. S. Wheeler speaks in Toledo, Ohio, Sunday, Jan. 2d, and makes his second visit to Erie, Pa., next week. where he commences a course of six lectures on Tuesday evening, Jan. 4th. An engagement of a like nature is to be made for Farmington, Ohio, from Jan. 17th.

Speakers for Geneva Jan. 23d announced next issue.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. T., Chelsea, Mass.—Respectfully declined, your reply to J. W. being more personal than critical. Several of your points, however, are well taken

H. D., N. Y.—"Plutonic" will appear in our next issue. Pleased to hear from you on other topics.

D.—Authenticated Spiritualistic facts are always in order. State them clearly, giving names &c. Our abundance of theory requires corresponding phenomena.

C. B. Lynn.

The sudden illness of Bro. C. B. Lynn has prevented him fulfilling his appointments in Ohio for January. We hope he may be able to return early in February. Bro. L. is frail in body, but genial and brave in spirit. He has a host of friends in the west as well as at his home in the East, whither he has gone for medical aid.

Books.

We have received *The Monthly Religious Magazine* for December, an organ of Unitarianism, edited by the Rev. Edmund H. Sears and Rev Rufus Ellis, Leonard C. Bowles proprietor, No. 13 Beacon street Boston, Mass.

This Magazine, now in its forty-second volume, has published a series of papers from the pen of that intelligent and cultured Spiritualist William Mountford, upon "Miracles and their Significance," which will soon appear in the form of a book. The present number contains "English Presbyterianism," an Episode in English History, by the same author, which is well worth reading, and is pleasantly and forcibly written. There is a sermon on "Christ in the Family," which is far from being as stupid as we might suppose from its title. "A Plea for a Hearty Keeping of Thanksgiving," is healthy enough to indicate good digestion in the writer. "Tne Curious Manuscript" is interesting. The review of the month contains many readable things. The typographical character of the Magazine is excellent. It contains 100 pages; price $5,00 for the year. §

The Voices—By Warren Sumner Barlow—William White & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

The mechanical execution of this volume is unexceptionable. The publishers have done their duty well, and it is a pleasure to read from these beautiful pages.

This poem is divided into three parts: The voice of Superstition, of Nature, of a Pebble. That of Superstition versifies biblical history from the Adamic creation to Christ. It is interspersed with interludes extremely rich in thought. The Voice of Nature and a Pebble are the outspoken thoughts of a mind deeply sympathetic with the world of man, and realm of causation.

We had many passages marked, but our space will not permit our copying them. No idea of the book can be obtained from brief passages. It must be read to be appreciated.

We clip here and there a few lines of particular beauty:

"Creation but one galaxy unfurls—
Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
Each star-lit gem upon the whole depends;
The whole to each, a needed influence lends;
Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains;
Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all;
Thus all are links in Nature's endless chain—
The hand that forged them never forged in vain."
* * * * * *

"Each has a mission of his own
Adapted to his skill,
To be sustained by him alone;
Which no one else can fill.

—Each rock a volume gilded o'er with age
Each grain that forms it, is a written page;
Each shell contains a lesson if we seek;
Each pebbled brook with eloquence doth speak.
†

Extracts from Unpublished Volumes.—No. 1.—Divine Attributes and the Creation.—The Sun.—The Moon.—Homer.—Hesiod.—Socrates. Boston. Wm. White & Co., by Dr. A. P. Pierce. *Medium and Medical Electrician.* Boston, No. 2 Hollis Place.

We have received this little volume of remarkable extracts from the hand of the gifted and successful medium, through whose organism these and many other similar communications have been given. They are from a mass of manuscript sufficient for several volumes to be published in due time. We have not had time to give the book the careful reading it requires, at some future time we shall do so, and then recur to the subject for more ample consideration.

My Affinity and Other Stories, by Lizzie Doten. Wm. White & Co., Boston. Price $1.50. Pp. 338.

The first story, "My Affinity," which gives its name to the volume occupies only forty-five pages. There are twelve other stories on different subjects. Those who have read Lizzie Doten's stories will never forget them, they are vigorously written, in a style which though not evenly brilliant, at times flashes in meteoric brightness. What is better, a sub-stratum of good, sound, practical sense underlies all she writes.

The volume will be eagerly sought, and read with pleasure and profit. †

The Radical.—The January number of this excellent Magazine is before us, containing articles by Wasson, Weiss, Cheney, Abbot, Samuel Longfellow, Patterson and others, with the usnal sparkling notes, of themselves a distinctive feature, to which we have previously called attention.

Of course we think everybody should take the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, but the next best thing that can be done is to subscribe for the *Radical*. It is unique in character, and stands squarely up in the front of Reform. The Liberalist cannot afford to do without it. It promises greater usefulness for the coming year than even heretofore, and its list of contributors comprises the best liberal thinkers of the age. Address 25 Broomfield St., Bos on, Mass. †

The American Publisher and Bookseller.—A record of American and Foreign literature, published monthly from No. 4 Bond street, New York, has been received. It is well done and must be a valuable medium. We shall consult it with interest in connection with our book company trade. §

WHAT WE WANT.—We want sensible men in office, who are able to lay party prejudice aside, and are willing to look after the interest of the country—the welfare of the people; men who have honest pride enough to tell the people that there is no such thing as cheap education. Daniel Webster said, educate all the children in the land, if you wish to see the columns of your national greatness stand amid the rising and falling of nations. Intelligeuce alone can save us from the fate of other nations—intelligence among the people—*Herald and Tribune (Jonesborough, Ten.)*

To which end the last vestige of sectarianism must be banished from the school room, and expurgated from every text book, while a thoroughly enforced law compels the attendance of every child not otherwise provided with competent and sufficient tuition. Education is a sacred duty every generation owes the next, the conservation of morals, the life of civil society, the essential element of human progression. §

Dr. J. W. Stewart.

Dr. J W. Stewart, the Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, states that he will be at the Forest City Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, Monday, Jan. 3d, for one day only, and during the month will be at the residence of Jacob Schieffelin, Esq., Tiago, Pa, January 8th, for five days; at Potter's Hotel, Middlebury township, January 13th for one day only; at Holiday's Hotel, Wellsboro, Pa., January 14th, for five days; at Farr's Hotel, Blossburg, Pa., January 19th, for five days; at Fuller's Hotel Mansfield, Pa., January 25th, for three days,

Obituary.

This Christmas, little Emma H., daughter of Martin V. and Sarah Ann Davis of Freedom, Ohio, was made happy in the spirit land. She had long suffered from illness, and the angels in mercy and love accepted her as a Christmas gift from her sorrowing parents. Emma was a precocious and gentle child. She spent only four and a half years of her immortal existence in this phase of being, then moved onward and upward to the children's heaven. She has gone to the guardian care of her "Auntie," Philenia Todd, who from spirit life communicated in vision to her mother, as well as to another Aunt, positive information of her impending dissolution. The obsequies were held on Sunday, the 26th of December, conducted by our friend, Dr. Newcomer, of Cleveland. A large concourse was in attendance, and the Doctor from his fulness imparted at once consolation and instruction. Thus one by one our jewels are gathered "where moth nor rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." §

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

BALLING'S PAINTING OF THE GENERALS.

Hanson Balling's great painting of the American Generals, recently brought to this city, has been hung in the large Museum Hall in the new Agricultural Department Building. The colossal dimensions, ten by fifteen feet, and containing 27 portraits, the patient elaboration and finish, and universally interesting subject of this picture, which has drawn public attention so widely in New York, deserves more than usual notice.

* * * * * Balling went to the field, visiting army after army, officer after officer, sketching each just as he appeared in the midst of war. After more than two years of this patient labor he returned, and since that time this picture has been wrought out from the materials thus gathered. * * Balling has taken advantage of every circumstance to mee these difficulties. Fortunately for him, he could put his portraits on horseback, and the military costume is always brilliant.—*National Intelligencer, (Washingeon, D. C., February 20th*, 1869.

OUR GENERALS.

The spirited chromo lithograph and engraving "The Heroes of the Repu lic," from Balling's celebrated oil painting,, is attracting a great deal of attention. Grant is of course the central figure, and grouped around him are twenty-six of his gallant comrades in arms. The original painting is owned by Benona Howard, but the chromo is an excellent fac simile, and will find a place in hundreds of patriotic households.—*Washington Chronicle.*

FINE ARTS.

H. Balling's excellent picture of the "Heroes of the Republic," has recently been skillfully reproduced in chromo-lithography and engraving by Fabronius. The portraits comprise twenty-seven of those of the Union Generals who achieved the widest renown and most approved themselves to popular favor and gratitude in the hot stress of our late civil strife. The central figure, of course, is Grant, and about him the rest are grouped with reference to individual celebrity. The historical value of such a picture depends entirely upon the fidelity of the likenesses, and in this respect the work cannot fail to meet public appreciation.—*New York Times.*

The Literary Editor of this paper, having seen while in Washington, this historical work, concurs in the general recommendation of the same, and would consider a good chromo or engraving thereof an ornament to any patriotic home

☞An interesting communication from Moses Hull will appear in our next issue. We are always grateful for such assistance from friends, and shall be glad to give our readers the benefit as fast as our columns will allow. §

SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIABLES.

REGULAR WEEKLY SOCIABLES of the Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists, will be held at

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All business Notices are excluded from the Literary Department of the paper, but may be published under this head at twenty-five cents a line.

☞ The Managing Editor will answer calls for Lectures, officiate at Marriage Ceremonies and attend Funerals.

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☞ Will our subscribers please give early attention to the "stamp notice," on the margin of their paper, *showing the date* at which their subscription expires. PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY. The AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST is now published every two weeks.

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☞ Wisconsin subscribers please notify us if they do not get their paper? We will correct all mistakes, and see to it that each one gets the full number of papers they are entitled to. Be particular to state when your subscription commenced.

Mistakes.

Owing to the perfect looseness with which the *business* of this paper was conducted previous to our taking charge of it, some mistakes have unavoidably occurred in regard to subscriptions, all of which will be *promptly corrected* as fast as we learn what they are.

Bread.

"Bread is the staff of life," 'tis said, and if this be true, of course the bread we eat should be healthy, or the staff will not support much.

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☞ Those who attend the Sociables at Lyceum Hall evidently enjoy themselves, as they are held every Thursday evening and the lovers of Terpsicore weary not with the exercise. These weekly Sociables for old and young are among the most attractive amusements in the city.

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Read the Card of Dr. Ashley in our advertising columns. The Dr. is of the Reform School. We hope none of our friends will need his services, but are impressed that if they were thus unfortunate they might find a friend and helper in him.

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BOSTON, 1870.

LETTER FROM MRS. SPENCE.

MR. EDITOR—During the twelve years of my labors as a spiritual lecturer, in nearly every every State in the Union, I, of course, like every other lecturer, had thousands of hearers, formed numerous acquaintances, and made many friends. With them all I believe I acquired, if no other reputation, at least that of being not only a zealous and faithful worker, but also a sincere and honest advocate of what I conceived to be the truth, regardless of the loss of reputation, and of the favor, and friendship even of Spiritualists themselves, and at the risk of my personal liberty, and perhaps, at times, of my life. There are, therefore, a large number of persons in the various States in which I have lectured, as well as elsewhere, who, having confidence in me individually, would like to hear from me personally in regard to the merits and claims of those Positive and Negative Powders with which my name has been identified, and about which so much has been said in the spiritual and secular papers. To meet this general wish, and to answer many private letters of inquiry on the subject, I beg leave to make the following public statement:

1st, As has already been announced, the formula for the preparation of the Positive and Negative Powders was given through my mediumship, between five and six years ago.

2d, The Positive and Negative Powders have not only surpassed my most sanguine expectations of their practical operations as a medicine, but they have equaled anything I could possibly have desired, or requested of the spirit-world in advance, unless I had requested a perpetual miracle.

3d, There have been published during the past five years in the *Banner of Light* and other spiritual and secular papers, several hundred certificates and reports of cures wrought by the Positive and Negative Powders, many of which may justly be called remarkable, and not a few of them wonderful. More are still on file, and will be published in due time. The authenticity and genuineness of all those certificates and reports I can vouch for; and furthermore, the originals are on file, and open to the inspection of any one who desires to see them; moreover, the public are at liberty (and are requested) to call upon or address by letter the writers of those reports and certificates, and satisfy themselves of their genuineness and truthfulness.

4th, There are many physicians who use the Positive and Negative Powders largely in their practice; and there are also not a few clergymen who use and recommend them to others, and who have even solicited an agency for the sale and distribution of them among the people.

5th, The Positive and Negative Powders are my reliance in case of either my own sickness or that of other members of the family; and within the last five years I have tested their virtues at home in seriors as well as in mild attacks of disease, in myself, and in my children when but three months old, as well as in those further advanced in years, and uniformly with the most happy and successful results.

6th, The Positive and Negative Powders are composed wholly of vegetable and animal substances.

The above facts compel me to be as earnest and as zealous an advocate of the Positive and Negative Powders as I ever have been of any other department or phenomenon of Spiritualism, the truth of which has been demonstrated to my satisfaction; and I therefore say, in conclusion, that I hope that those who are afflicted with disease of any kind, or who feel the great necessity of having a reliable healing power at hand, ready for any emergency, will be as hospitable to new truth in the healing art as in any other department of investigation, and that they will therefore test the Positive and Negative Powders fairly and without prejudice, knowing, as I do, that such a test will in all cases result in confirming the statements already made respecting them, in establishing their inestimable value as an embodiment of healing power, and in demonstrating the existence and beneficence of the invisible intelligence which projected them into the world, for the good of the world.

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Washington Irving,	Visit to Henry Clay,
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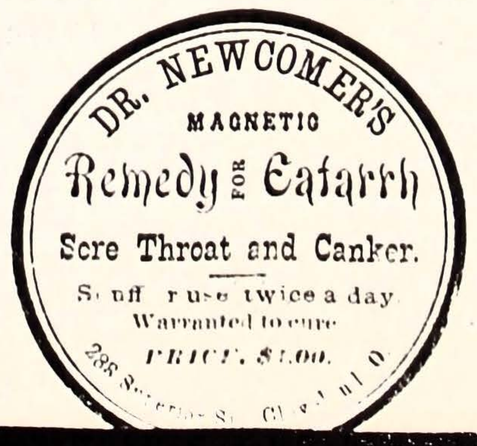
HOW TO WORK.—Sainte Beuve the great French rationalist and pre-eminent critic, was one of the most laborious and methodical of men. Monday, when his weekly article appeared, was his fete, his reception, when he saw all his society. Tuesday found him at work, the door closed, and his table covered with piles of books, collected by ardent friends, who hunted them out of public and private libraries. Wednesday and Thursday he wrote on; Friday he dined out, and read his completed paper to one or two chosen critics. On Friday night it was printed; and Saturday and Sunday were taken up with constant revision. He was most minute in his corrections. This was his unvarying weekly routine.

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ITS APPEALS FOR WOMEN

—and—

CONSOLATIONS OF WOUNDED SPIRITS,

Are tender, pathetic and touchingly true and eloquent. Its

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A STEP AHEAD.—Women are to be admitted to the privileges of Eton, a fact upon which the London *Daily News* remarks is an evidence of the advancing spirit of the age.

VICK'S
FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870.

THE FIRST EDITION, OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND copies of VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SEEDS, AND FLORAL GUIDE, is published and ready to send out. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about two hundred fine wood engravings of flowers and vegetables, and a beautiful COLORED PLATE, consisting of seven varieties of Phlox Drummondii, making a fine

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EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—The Medical Faculty and Senatus of the University of Edinburgh have recommended, and the University Court have given their sanction to, the matriculation of ladies as medical students, on the understanding that they pass the usual examination and that separate classes are formed for their instruction. This reform must be submitted to the General Council of the University at its next meeting, and must also be ratified by the Chancellor; but no opposition is to be expected

[For the American Spiritualist.]

Waiting.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

"I believe you do not expect to marry till you get to heaven. I will agree to wait, if you will."

Aye! I will wait!
Though years are dread with length, and time is drear,
Across the purple darkness of the sea,
A single sunbeam falls divinely clear,
Painting its one bright rainbow all for me,
And I who never yet complained of fate,
Will bravely wait.

And thou wilt wait!
Over Life's surging ocean, dim and wide,
Thou hast sent out the promise; and behold
The starry lilies crown the rising tide,
And white swans float upon the liquid gold,
And soft winds blow toward the sunset gate;
For thou wilt wait!

Heaven bids me wait!
The angel of my dreams, who floods my sleep
With beauty, until night the day transcends,
And from whose soul-embrace I wake to weep
Refreshing tears—he also nobly bends
From the dread glory of his angel state,
And bids me wait!

Then if I wait,
The martyr's highest courage be thy grace!
A saint's endeavor to thy soul be given!
For thou must meet that champion face to face,
And well contest the older claims of heaven;
And hold high tournament before the gate,
If I should wait,

Why should I wait?
The hunger of thy soul is infinite!
The latest birth of beauty, near or far,
Thou drawest, till thou walkest in the light,
Like a God stepping on from star to star!
Love's changeful universe is thy estate;
Why should I wait?

Though I should wait,
I would not, could not keep thee for an hour,
Or hold thee from thy upward, lengthening track,
Drawn ever on by some new seraph-power,
Thy dear dark eyes will never once look back,
And I—O, I shall be heaven-desolate,
Who dared to wait!

Orthodox Confessions.

The hurrying drift of events in Protestant Germany seems to be toward the separation of Church and State. The State Church itself, an old but unwelded union of the Reformed and Lutheran denominations, has little Spiritual power. A Berlin pastor not long ago confessed that he had confirmed several persons known to him to be liars and thieves; and Baptism and Confirmation seem too often to be sought simply for the civil privileges they carry with them. Prof. Golusha Anderson, who furnishes the *Watchman* a "Survey of Germany," says that the masses of the people are Liberals. But that name covers a legion of beliefs. It would be difficult to get six of them as the Germans say "under one hat," yet they have some points of agreement; they pretty generally reject the scriptures as an authoritative revelation, scout the idea of miracles, and declare that science and the Bible are at war with each other. Most of the theological professors are now of the orthodox party, those at Heidelberg being the most marked exception. But their orthodoxy must be received with much abatement, for they often entertain very loose views of doctrine, and especially of the inspiration of the Scriptures.—*The Advance, Dec.* 9.

The above confessions from an orthodox paper, not only reveal the rottenness of Church Organizations, but are significant of that radical change in matters theological and religious, which, not only in "Protestant Germany," but throughout the civilized world, is sweeping on with a resistless power, that all the influence of Catholicism and Protestantism united cannot turn aside or defeat. The progress of the age is onward. The bombastic display and flippant professions put forth by each sect in favor of their own precious little dogmatism, and piously christened "God's work," may clog and hinder the growth of humanity in the present, but cannot defeat the ultimate advancement of the race, which in spite of these Christian sects, is ever upward, heavenward and God-ward.

Exactly.

Though the Pope of Rome has condemned Freemasons and Bible Societies as "equally popular errors," the Bible societies have not stopped the distribution of Bibles in consequence, and the Freemasons purpose giving the Pope a hit back. The Grand Master of Masons has called a General Convention of the Masons of Europe at Paris, on the 8th of December—the day of the Ecuemenical Council in Rome—in which Freemasonry is solemnly to affirm the great principles of universal human rights, which are its basis and its glory. But with the Pope of Rome and the Rev. Mr. Finney of Oberlin against them, what chance has Masonry?—*Akron Times.*

So, gentlemen of "the level and the square," the Pope of Rome and the Pope of Oberlin against your "ancient and honorable order," how do you expect to succeed? True, Pope Finney tried his hand with *Freemasonry* in the little village of Oberlin, and even in his own Church, after declaring it to be the devil's work, and that it must be cast out, was very glad in the experience of one trial, to make a compromise with the devil of Freemasonry, allowing it to remain in *his* Church in full enjoyment of all rights and privileges, simply because the said Rev. Finney found, that in casting out Freemasonry from his Church, a majority of the paying members of said Church would have to be cast out or cut off, and in view of the necessity of greenbacks as well as prayers, to help the Lord carry on his work, of course that will never do! The secret of this opposition is the fact, that Popery and Priestcraft whether in Rome or Oberlin, are *opposed to the liberty of conscience*, which Freemasonry solemnly affirms. No matter what a decrepid old Pope, or bigoted ministerial fogies may condemn, as "equally popular errors," the steady march of human progress, aided by Freemasonry and every other ennobling effort, is ever onward, and though such influences may hinder and stay for a time the advancement of the race, it cannot stop it. Such opposition amounts to little more than a passing amusement. So let the Pope count his beads, and Finney say his useless, senseless, worn-out prayers; neither God or sensible men care anything about them. ||

God.

It is conceded, by all nations, that there are one or more principles in this universe, which control and guide it, which are the radiant sources and the life of all things, and, consequently, are infinite, supreme, and eternal. Concentrating all religious ideas together, we have this one, which is most consistent with reason, with intuition, with revelation; it is the Great Jehovah, or infinite Spirit, when literally translated from the Hebrew, signifying the Future, the Present, and the Past, that which has been, which is, and which ever shall be. All the divine elements of the universe are concentrated into this one word and this one power—Jehovah, the Infinite.

Now in what manner this Jehovah, this Divine mind acts, is not for us to tell. We can only perceive His infinitude by the infinitude of our own observation; we can only comprehend His divinity by as much of the divine as we possess ourselves; we can only see His omnipotence by viewing the works of His hand; can only conceive of His presence by the everlasting principles of life which pervade all things. These to the common observer convey but little hint of the Divine mind, but to the soul awake to all of the beautiful and perfect in nature, each object in the universe is an oracle proclaiming God's presence and power. We shall not attempt to convince the skeptic that there is a God. We shall not attempt to prove that the theological ideas of all nations are founded upon truth. We can only assume it, from the fact that men in every nation and clime have worshipped a God or Gods—have believed in Jehovah. From this fact, we must either establish the principle that there is a God, who rules the universe, or that the whole is a stupendous failure, a great work of chance, in which men and women flit through the earth like insects through a summer's day, living for an hour, then passing from existence. But with this assumption and this evidence of all humanity, we must proclaim, upon the face of our argument, that there is an infinite God.—*Mrs. Co-*

A Rejected Juryman.

BROOKVILLE, PA., Dec. 9, 1869.

MY DEAR SIRS:—Wishing to communicate to you a transaction that I observed a few weeks ago in a Court of *Justice*, I hope you will not consider it *impertinent.*

While attending Court at Clearfield, Pa., I heard the Judge remark: "Strike his name off." Immediately following this *thrust* I noticed a young man rise and leave the jury box. Being young myself I did not understand such a proceeding. I finally came to the conclusion that the young man had done some heinous crime—that he had justly merited this judicial rebuke. But lo, my mistake. I learned afterwards that he was an Atheist, and for this he was denied the right of being a juror or a witness. The young man from his appearance I judged was more intelligent than any other juryman in the box. He was a sharp, shrewd and penetrating looking gentleman, and no doubt he was *just as capable of listening* to and weighing the charge of the august Judge as any man in the court-room. O, what a farce is played upon mankind. Here no doubt was a young man able in intellectual capacity to cope with the best of men, yet on account of his organization he could not understand the Infinite as we understand *Him*, and for this alone he was denied the privilege of his more ignorant countrymen. O, when, we ask, will men be taken for the truth that is in them? The answer is returned—when men through the light of Spiritualistic knowledge will do the right for the sake of right, and speak the truth for the sake of truth. May God through his angels teach that young man that he is a flower that buds here, but blooms and emits its fragrance in the Spirit-land. May the light of truth dawn on their benighted minds, in order that they may treat all men with decency.

Yours Fraternally, B. P. ARTHURS.

Agassiz Explains.

Prof. Agassiz has written a letter to Prof. Clark of Pennsylvania, contradicting a report that in a lecture at Cambridge he denied the truth of the book of Genesis. "I said," explains Agassiz, "that the theological interpretation of the Book of Genesis, giving six thousand years as the age of the world, was a hindrance to the understanding of geological evidence, and no one who started with this idea, and allowed his researches to be influenced by it, could be a geologist." Which is hard for the believers in a literal inspiration, being a distinction without a difference. Agassiz must join in the grand movement which science is making on the strongholds of senseless superstition, or fall to the rear as a scientist. §

OHIO STATE SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

The Ohio State Association of Spiritualists is inaugurating a new and systematic plan of work for the coming year. We publish the list of officers for the year 1870, and suggest that friends throughout the State put themselves at once in correspondence with this useful organization:

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